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# ally Sloper's Half Holiday

FOUNDED AND CONDUCTED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1894.

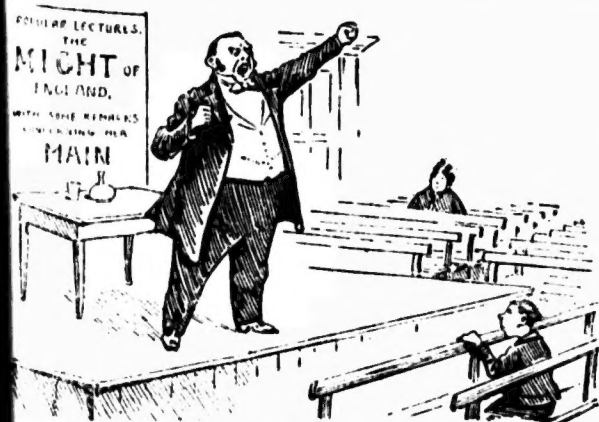
[ONE PENNY.]



## A CATASTROPHE AT CROMER.

"Naturally annoyed at the indignities which have recently been heaped upon him by the English police, Poor Pa has determined to cut his connection with the male sex altogether, and has arranged to dedicate all his spare time to the entertaining of loveliness. Unfortunately, though, the fair sex up to the present have shown no inclination to reciprocate this kindness. At a cat show the other day, which Dad had promoted solely for the benefit of Cromer spinsters, things went altogether bad for him. Besides being well scratched by the competing cuts, he was afterwards severely mauled by their respective owners."—TOOTSIE.

## POPULAR DELUSIONS. (No. 1.)



In theory (and on the platform), one Englishman is equal to three "furriners."



But in practice (and in the jungle) you wouldn't lay more than six-to-four on the Englishman.

## THE PRIEST.

On May 8th, 1822, Marie Charalet, a young married woman living at Git, a village near Saint-Quentin, left her home about half-past six in the evening to go to church to confess. She found there one person only, a woman who was saying her prayers. She asked this woman whether she had seen the Curé Mingrat, but she said she had not and presently left the church. Marie meanwhile remained behind, and this was the last time she was seen alive.

Charalet, coming home from work, found his soup prepared for him, and sat down to wait for his wife's return; but after a while, becoming alarmed, he went out to make inquiries, and finally called at the priest's house. The priest came forward himself to answer him. Marie had come to church to confess, but he had refused to hear her as she was not decently dressed, and he had not seen her since. She had, he said, a rather strange, wild look about her. He urged them to go and search for her and closed his door.

Antoine Mingrat, though a young man, was gloomy and austere. He set his face against all kinds of amusements. He put down all dancing and singing. He closed the cabarets all day long on Sunday. He continually raised objections to the women's dresses. He allowed no girl to enter his church with bare arms. The mayor and the other authorities were afraid of him, and let him do what he chose. The religious section of the community were

delighted: there never had been such a good and conscientious priest.

On May 9th, the day after Marie's disappearance, a working man of Saint-Quentin, very early in the morning, passing along the bank of the river, that runs close by, found two pools of blood and a blood-stained rope and knife. The latter, after some hesitation, he washed and took away with him. About a quarter of an hour later a man, wild, white-faced and haggard, was seen by two butchers searching for some lost object at the same spot, and in him they recognized, with astonishment, the Curé Mingrat. When he had gone, they, too, made an examination of the ground and saw the pools of blood, but they went home and said nothing about it.

Seven days later, two lads fishing in the river caught a human leg, which, in a fright, they threw back into the water. But it was not allowed to remain there. Fished out again, it was pronounced to belong to a woman. What woman? At once all thought of Marie.

Of course, suspicion pointed to the Curé. On the night of Marie's disappearance, a young man living near to the parsonage was present during the interview between her husband and Mingrat, and subsequently informed four of his companions that he was certain the woman was concealed in the house. They, therefore, delighted at the idea of the probable scandal, hung about watching until midnight, when, it coming on to pour with rain, they reluctantly crept homewards, having learnt nothing.

It was the priest's female servant whose evidence was fatal. At eight o'clock, on May 8th, the clerk came from the church to ask for some instructions about a funeral service. The priest was in his bedroom, and his servant went upstairs to call him. As she approached the door she heard groans. She knocked, but there was no reply. She tried the handle of the door—the door was locked. She knocked again, and the priest, in a loud voice, called to her to go down stairs, adding that he would follow. Still lingering, she heard some stifled groans, but also hearing the priest's footsteps, retreated. Shortly he joined her, pale and agitated. After he had given a message to the clerk he returned to his room and double-locked the door. Again she listened, and again heard stifled groans and the movement of furniture. Gradually the sounds ceased, and the priest descended to the sitting-room, looking more haggard and agitated than before.

The supper was laid, but he scarcely remained two minutes at table. Then he gave the servant a newspaper to take to a friend's house, at some distance, said he would clear the table himself, and that she could go home to bed. She, however, hung about the house watching the light in her master's bedroom window. At last, trying to climb up to it, she made a noise that disturbed him, and coming out at the door he asked who was there. She told him she had forgotten to shut the fowl-house. He savagely told her to go away.

Next day, when the servant examined the house, there could be no doubt that a murder had been committed, the body afterwards partly dismembered, and the clothes burnt. The knife found was recognised as belonging to the priest, and the remainder of the corpse when found bore the marks of strangulation. Mingrat was guillotined at Grenoble.

#### THE BIGG FITE.

Round 9. this was feeble, the fast blo from the deming boi missin off the bludles nock the refere atop off the presman. the presman not riteli understandin maid it orle worms fore the refere. the deming an the bludles orle lett em av it with thare boots an the lookers on jine in. Soon the wring was nee deep in blud an bitts off pressman and refere the questing bein wich bitt belong to wich.

(Next week, "A Jail Bird.")

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Correspondents wishing their MSS. or Sketches to be returned, should inclose a stamped envelope large enough to contain the contributions submitted. Do not inclose loose stamps.

Very fair for you, KILLARNEY. Thanks for cutting, BUSY BEES. Everyone, A NEW SUBSCRIBER. It's impossible to please. Yek, you're right, AN OLD ADMIRER, SLOPER always makes it hum. If you did so, ARTHUR WALSTED. It would cost a pretty sum. Send 'em in, by all means, SALVO. Try again, then, ARTHUR LEACH. That's the sort of thing, A BACKER, ALLY don't pretend to teach. We should be delighted, VARDEN. If you care to call and see. Much of it's absurd, SERAPHIC, As, of course, it's bound to be.

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#### JUMBLES AND GINGERBREAD.

Young Wife (tearfully, to her Mother). We ought to get on better, ma, for every night I pray that he may be cured of his drunken and dissolute habits, and every night he prays that my bad temper may be improved.

Mother. Humph! I should think it would be better, dear, if you did not pray aloud.

HER dresses occupied three trunks,  
This maiden smart and cute;  
But quite a tiny envelope  
Contained her bathing suit.

Seaside Landlady (showing apartments). Now, here is a nice little room, sir, rather small but very comfortable. Three guineas a week.

Prospective Lodger. Er—thanks. I'm afraid it's a little too small. Haven't you a decent dog kennel you can give me?



FASHION FANCIES.—By Miss Sloper.

No. 541.—The "Ryde Bathing" Costume.



"What sort of hose do you want?  
Long hose or short hose?"  
"No. Garden hose."

"Remember the sweeper, sir?"  
"I've no change, boy."  
"All right, sir. I can give it yer."



Absent-minded! Poor girl! So would you be, if you were just at the exciting part of "Drops on the Pavement; or the Grave's Secret."



AUTHORS—AUTHENTIC.  
No. 23.—Paterson. (Pater-son.)

"I want to ask you, Doctor, does hair dye injure the brain?"  
"Certainly not, madam. People with brains never use it."

Suburban Resident. Yes; this is a charming neighbourhood, and easy of access, except in foggy weather, and then—  
Visitor (interrupting). But you have the train service from Victoria.

Suburban Resident. Ah! but the Brighton line don't run their trains in a fog, you know.

AN admirer has just called with what he thinks a very killing joke. We never like to keep these good things from our readers, so here it is: "Who will leather the House of Lords?—Tanner!" Ha, ha! we laff, we du!

Irate Old Gentleman. Madam, your little brute of a dog has bitten a piece out of my calf.

Lady. Oh, thank you so much, sir; I must have him attended to at once. Anything like flesh disagrees with the little dear terribly.

Friend. Ha, ha, Jinks! I understand the manager refused your farce.

Young Playwright. Yes: but it's no laughing matter, I can tell you.

Friend. Oh, I quite believe you. I fancy that was what the manager complained of.

'Tis funny how in argument  
Two men will long contend,  
And both aver the other got  
Well beaten in the end.

Snipper. What's become of De Booser? I haven't seen him lately.

Snipper. Oh! he's gone wrong.

Snipper. Poor fellow! He always did pour it down, though. Is he dead or—

Snipper. Oh, no! but he's turned teetotaler.

Young Mrs. Pilltwister. Who is that man, Algy?—the one who just bowed so respectfully to you.

Dr. Pilltwister. Oh, he's—er—a man in—er—whose way I—er—throw a good deal of—er—business.

Young Mrs. Pilltwister. How kind of you, dear! That's so like your generous nature. But what is he?

Dr. Pilltwister. Well, he's—er—an undertaker.

[And then the band played.]

"WHAT do you think they served me with at the Blue Pig the first thing in the morning?" inquired ALLY of his bosom friend. "Nothing that you are ever served with, my boy!" And Mac replied kindly, "Possibly they served you with a writ for that half-dozen of Irish you haven't squared up with since Christmas." And a coldness followed that would have frost-bitten the tail off a brass monkey.

Hawker. Good morning, ma'am; I want to see the lady of the house, please.

Lady. Do you. Well you're lookin' straight at 'er now, and if you don't sling your bloomin' 'ook out of 'er sight in less than half a jiffy, she'll dot yer ugly mug with this 'ere bloomin' 'andle.

[And the band played "She's a lady."

First Man. You weren't at church this morning, were you?

Second Man. Oh, yes.

First Man. I didn't see you.

Second Man. No; I was a bit late and you'd had time to get to sleep.

THE longest minute which we know

Decidedly is that  
Which lovely woman says she'll be  
In putting on her hat.

Necash. I say, old man, when are you going to pay me that quid which you owe me?

Hardupp. My dear fellow, I would have paid you months ago if I had known you were hard up.

Necash. I am not hard up, but—

Hardupp (interrupting). Oh, well, then, if you are not hard up, of course, you can wait a little longer for it.

Bluffs. Heard the latest about Nixen, I suppose?

Bluffs. No, indeed; what is it?

Bluffs. His wife's left him.

Bluffs. You don't say so; well, he always was a lucky dog.

THE Turf authorities are continually disqualifying horses for "boring." Would that the same justice could be meted out to heaps of social celebrities we wot of, who persistently offend in a like manner.

Girl's Father. But I thought you told me some months ago you had great expectations.

Young Man. So I have: it's a one-and-ninepenny copy, in cloth bound.

Editor. Well, did you get the interview with Lord—

Reporter. No; but I managed to get a minute's conversation with his butler.

Editor. You did? Well, keep it down to two columns, please.

"Is that your friend? Why, I don't call her at all good-looking, and you said that she was an awfully killing girl." "So she is. I don't see it." "She's a lady doctor."

First Darling. Jack Hanson sat out with me nearly all the evening at Mrs. Gobal's ball last night.

Second Darling. Oh! that explains it, then.

First Darling. Explains what, dear?

Second Darling. Why, he told me this morning that he was nearly ennuied to death!

'Tis but a trifle, yet the row  
'Twill cause you'll scarce believe,  
The golden hair your wife detects  
Upon your shoulder sleeve.

She. And shall you always love me?

He. What a question to ask, darling! Haven't you a life interest in your late uncle's estate?

"WHAT do you think of my daughter's execution, professor?" asked the fond mamma, as her fair daughter pounded away at the piano keys. "Think, madam?" was the reply, "why, that I should like to be present at it."

First Young Wife. Don't you get nervous when your husband doesn't come home till late?

Second Young Wife. Oh, no; he's insured heavily in two companies, you know, dear.

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TOOTSIE AT THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

The summer's at an end. The summer has come at last. What a lovely day it was yesterday! What a lovely day to-day! What a lovely day yesterday! What a lovely day to-day! Did anybody ever know such wretched weather? Why on earth does anybody want to go out of town? How is it everybody is out of town?



Bicycling.

where Mr. Midshipman Easy checked First-Lieutenant Saw-bridge.

Here is the spot where the young lady, very nicely dressed, looked very hard at Peter Simple and said, "Well, Reeder, how are you off for soap?" And yonder lies the Victory, with the plate on its deck to mark the spot where Nelson fell. Does any plate or stone, I wonder, mark the spot where Lady Hamilton lies buried in a pauper's grave? Not likely! He was a man, and a hero; she only a woman who loved him, not wisely, but too well.

Upon our way through we met many other Co's., more or less straggling, faded and forlorn. "The Forlorn Hope" Co. passed us, and "The Heart Bowed Down," "The Legless Ghost" and "The Rocky Mountaineers." They waved to us from their carriage windows. There was a buoyancy about those boys, and girlyancy about their lady companions. When we alluded to the dimensions of our journey they smiled broadly. Everybody seems agreed that "business" everywhere is "something awful," but yet they look forward hopefully to the next "pitch." Somehow Bob is not very smily. He occupies himself a good deal with a pencil and a pocket book. There is evidently a big sum in that book very hard to total up satisfactorily.

Everybody seemed to come out on Ryde Pier to welcome us. The parties chiefly interested cannot well complain that Ryde Pier is not well patronized. Has not someone who ought to know said: "Ryde is the pier. They are on the pier at Ryde, morning, noon, and night. Off they go to assist exhausted nature, at stated periods, but back they all come again to dirt, and fascinate, and get brown, and see the boats come in. The young lady flirt at Ryde is an adept in her art. She sits on the pier with her book, or her paper, or her work. Somebody passes. Up goes the head, flash go the eyes, and then down goes the head again, as if the movement had been the greatest accident in the world. The art is, no doubt, pursued very skilfully at Ryde." Since we have been here, Tottie, Lardi, and myself have adopted the "Rational Dress" and indulged in bicycling. Bob don't like the costume, but I do.

We have just been talking to an uncommonly ruddy-faced skipper. He says he is the proprietor of the Polly Ann Yacht. He says the Polly Ann was called after his Polly Ann, gone aloft among the angels in white night-gowns. He adds that he wishes we could have known Ryde when his father was a boy. We own it would have been gratifying, but venture to hint that had we done so we might have been by now pretty tough old girls, or even angels aloft in white night-gowns along of Polly Ann. "P'raps," says he, "you're better off as you are." We think so, and give him a free pass to see Naughtly, Naughtly! which we leave him studying through a massive pair of silver spectacles, once the property of Polly Ann, now aloft.

When the author of "Tom Jones" visited Ryde, "fresh meat was not to be had, for the butcher never killed ox or sheep during the beans and bacon season." Since then they have laid on an extra butcher, Charles L., the careless one, who lost his head, once resided in the Isle of Wight at Carisbrooke Castle, but he did not enjoy himself. He tried to get through the prison window, but could only get his head through. He might have saved his head that journey, but his body was in the way.



The Dook comes to grief.

Who and what is that Boy? Nobody can say. No one can guess. There is an awful mystery surrounding that omnipresent, ubiquitous, inexpressible, unexplainable BOY!

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HOME RULE VERSUS POLITICS.

MR. MILL JIMSON-MUDGE threw down his newspaper with a muttered objurgation and looked across the breakfast table at his wife.

"Whatever's wrong now?" she asked, petulantly. "What's wrong?" he said, "why, this confounded civil service reform twaddle. It makes me fairly sick. I can't for the life of me see why a lot of men can't do their duty when it is marked out as clear as day for them."

"Did you call and order that coal to-day?" she asked, irrelevantly, but with a new light shining in her face. "Er—eh—I beg your pardon, my dear, but I'm talking about civil service reform."

"And I was talking about coal. Have the goodness to answer my question—did you go and order it?"

"I—I—er—that is—no, my darling; as a matter of fact it slipped my memory. I'll see to it first thing to-morrow, though. But, as I was saying, the civil service reform—"

"John," she said, hotly, "don't you muddle your very limited brain with civil service reform; what you'd better do is to devote a little of your time to domestic service reform, and I will commence by saying that there's hardly a bit of coal in the cellar, the venetian blind in our bedroom won't work for the want of a new cord, the weeds in the garden are choking what few flowers we have got, the kittens—which should have been taken out and drowned a fortnight ago—are still alive, the dog is positively ailing for the want of washing, and he's too much of a handful for me to tackle—besides, I don't see why I should with a great hulking, idle man in the house—we can't let the top bedroom, as other people do, because it wants whitewashing, and we shall probably all be poisoned before Quarter Day by the dead leaves that should have been cleaned out of the cistern. You may think it's all right to let things go to rack and ruin while you're fuddling your head with the newspaper, but I want to say to you that I'm running this administration now, and if you don't pull yourself together and see about that coal, the broken blind, the garden, the kittens, the poor dirty dog, the whitewashing and the leaves in the cistern, you'll get a message from the administration headquarters that will make your head swim. Now don't let's have any misander—"

But John Mill Jimson-Mudge had flown and his reason with him. And when a couple of stout and sturdy lunatic-attendants arrived to take him to Earlswood, they found him drowning the kittens among the dead leaves in the cistern while he whitewashed the dog and gave imaginary orders to Cockerell's for five tons of venetian weed cords at lowest summer prices, and a man to come and root the coal out of the garden.

SEASIDE SONNETS.

NO. 8.—THE NIGGER AND THE NIGGARD.

Oh, the wife may hate the partner  
Whose nocturnal spees disheart'n her;  
And the masher, anguish-laden,  
May despise the jilting maiden;  
But than any hatred bigger  
(I have proved it o'er and o'er)  
Is the hatred of the nigger  
For the niggard on the shore!

Madame Grundy's sneer is haughty  
At the ballet-girls so naughty;  
And the bold man grins enraptured  
At the fly that he has captured.  
But the most contemptuous snigger  
Human features ever wore,  
Is the snigger of the nigger  
At the niggard on the shore!

Having missed the last of 'busses,  
How the sad suburban cusses;  
And what swears the Mound emitteth  
When on benten pin he sitteth.  
But the oath most full of vigour  
Is the swear-word that is swore  
By the copper-cadging nigger  
At the niggard on the shore!

TAKING HIM AT HIS WORD.

A TEMPERANCE lecturer was holding forth at a little hall not a hundred miles from St. Albans, and illustrating his discourse with analytical descriptions of the manner in which all alcoholic drinks were adulterated. After a somewhat long-winded oration on Gin the Orator exclaimed: "And now, my friends, we will take beer." The hall was rent with acclamations, and empty in three minutes. "Where are they?" he inquired of the hall-keeper. "Where have they gone?" "They be gone over to Muster Pond at the Garge Hotel to taak beer with yer as ye asked 'em," was the response. "And if ye want to git outer town alive ye'd better coom and pay for't."

A TALE OF A HARPSACK.

I HAD just left the office and was wending my way down the Strand, towards the station whence I took the train to my suburban residence, when I met Diggles.

Diggles is in a Government office, is supposed to have private means of his own, and is, in fact, a cut above me; so I was not a little surprised when he greeted me in the most effusive manner.

"My dear Tucker, so glad to meet you! Come and have a drink with me! No, no! I won't accept any refusal."

As a rule, it was a cool nod or, at most, a languid "Good evening." So, as we bent our steps towards the Bun Shop, I mentally calculated the contents of my modest purse, to see if I could make up half a sovereign in case he should want to borrow it.

"It is not often we meet," said he. "We will celebrate the occasion with a bottle of fizz."

The champagne was called for, and as we were drinking it, Diggles remarked, casually, "By-the-by, I met your sister at a friend's house this morning. What a remarkably pretty girl she is! I had no idea you had such a—er—er— What do you say to another? Oh, this is good wine, you know, and won't hurt you."

Diggles's friendship for me grew warmer and warmer, until, at the end of the second bottle, I became "old boy."

"It's no good beating round the bush, old boy," said he; "the fact is I'm fairly gone on your sister. Now tell me honestly, man to man, is there any—er—er—entanglement? Is she engaged or spooney on any one?"

I replied that to the best of my knowledge she was still "fancy free." Then he observed, "Tucker, my friend, I'm going to ask you a favour—a great favour. Take me home to dinner with you, and introduce me to the family."

I did not hesitate long. Diggles was a most eligible parti and



Two or three songs.

personally I had no objection to him as a brother-in-law, so, in due course, we took train and ultimately arrived at the house.

Diggles was well received, and though the dinner was, so to speak, "a scratch one," yet he seemed to enjoy it thoroughly. After dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room, and Dora obliged us with some selections on the harp, which appeared to fill Diggles with rapture; and then he sang two or three songs, and Dora played again, until, in spite of one or two warnings on my part, we found that Diggles had missed the last train. In ordinary circumstances we could have given him the spare room, but, as ill luck would have it, it was being papered. However, he gratefully accepted the offer of the sofa.

I had bade him good night, and was about to leave him, when he suggested that as it was rather chilly, he would have the serge harp sack over him; then, with a sudden inspiration, he remarked: "I'll tell you what, old man, I'll get in it, like the Laplanders sleep in their fur bags, you know, and then you can tie it round my neck." No sooner said than done.

I was fast asleep when I was aroused by the most horrible combination of sounds which it is possible to imagine.

The shrieks of women, mingled with the crash of china, and combined with the smashing of furniture; while above a strange bumping noise such as might be produced by the caracoling of a young elephant, could be distinguished a man's voice uttering the most awful collection of swear words that even I have ever heard.

Seizing a poker in my hand I ran downstairs and entered the drawing-room where the disturbance arose.

A strange sight presented itself to me. Amid the wreck of fancy tables, old china, Louis XIV. chairs and broken lamps, Diggles was jumping about in his harpsack, and foaming at the mouth like a madman.

"Oh, thank God!" he exclaimed, sinking exhausted to the floor as I entered. "Oh, I have had a most awful time of it! I woke up in the dark. Didn't know where I was, and when I tried to scratch my nose I found my hands were tied. I thought I was in a straight waistcoat, and—er—I am afraid I've done a little mischief."

I released him from the harpsack, and then left him to his reflections. The next morning Diggles left by the first train before we were up, and now when we meet in the street we don't speak.



Diggles was jumping about.



Tommy. Let us play at Adam and Eve.  
Ethel. All right. What have we to do?  
Tommy. You must tempt me with your apple.



THE MODERN MANLY MAID.

"Does Mrs. Dash live here?" "Yes, sir—ma'am—Mr.—Miss. Oh, for! what is it?"



"Please, Mr. Atkins, shall I fetch you a cab?—it's going to rain."



"Bathing may be cool for the complexion, but it is jolly expensive, as I now have to purchase a couple of fresh ones every day."  
—Extract from Letter of Young Lady.

\* Miss Sloper will be delighted to receive photographs from those of her friends whose portraits have not yet been inserted.

## TOOTSIE'S FRIENDS.



No. 355.—MISS DOLLIE STRATFORD.

"Fals maiden, I would live for thee alone." —The Dook Snook.  
"Where could we find a sweeter type of beauty?" —Lord Rob.  
"Oh! tell me, darling, may I really hope?" —The Hon. Bully.

## DISTINGUISHED PEOPLE INTERVIEWED BY A. SLOPER.—THE EMPEROR OF CHINA.



(1) "Oh, had I but Aladdin's lamp!" sang A. SLOPER, clad as that young gentleman, in the vicinity of the Summer Palace of Kwang Su, Emperor of China, at Peking, as a beautiful young celestial entered its portals. "The Princess Bedoulaour, no doubt, I will follow her. Perchance—" (2) But one of the Palace guards, a stalwart fellow, barred his way. "Ah, good morning!" said A. SLOPER; "by-the-by, who was that interesting young female?" "Ki ki bow wow chung chung chow!" replied the guard, sternly. "I have no doubt you are right, my good fellow," observed the Eminent, "but if you will stand a-ide and remove that nasty-looking toasting-fork from the region of my waistcoat I shall be able to make my entrance into the Palace with dignity becoming my social station. You won't? Look here, have a drink; it's 'Unsweetened, and won't hurt you.' The guardman drained the bottle; the next moment the strong man lay prone at A. SLOPER'S feet. Stepping over the prostrate body, he entered. (3) and encountered Li-Hung-Chang, the Emperor's Prime Minister. "My dear SLOPER," said he in excellent English, "I must apologise for appearing before you in my shirt-sleeves, but you know the governor has confiscated my yellow jacket." "Ha, very inconvenient." "Extremely, for really the days have got quite chilly lately." "My yes; but as you got it pretty hot from the Emperor, doubtless he considered that would be sufficient protection for

you against the inclemency of the weather—by-the-by, who was that interesting young female who—" but his remark appeared to have offended Li-Hung-Chang, who turned on his heel and left the Mouldy one to find his way into the imperial presence alone. (4) "Well, how are you, old cock?" inquired A. SLOPER, wishing by his *bonhomie* to put the monarch at his ease. He was successful. "A 1," replied Kwang Su, smiling. "By-the-by, who was that interesting young female who—" began A. SLOPER, when he was interrupted by the Emperor asking "What the feeling of England was as to the war?" A. SLOPER replied, diplomatist as he is, "That the nation to a man was on the side of China, and that he himself had instructed his editor to raise a regiment of Shoe Lane Printing Devils, and his cashier to prepare a loan of several millions for the use of the Chinese Government." (5) At this the Emperor showed his delight by placing Li-Hung-Chang's Yellow Jacket on his shoulders. "Thanks, old chap! How does it fit in the back?" inquired A. SLOPER. "Like a glove." "Anything go with it?" "Yes; the Order of the Azure Pig, the Vermillion Lion, the Pied Dog, and the Emerald Dragon." "Anything else?" "No; except the entire responsibilities of the nation." "Then," said A. SLOPER, "the best thing I can do is to go with it myself. I guess the responsibilities attached to 'The Sloperian' is about as much as I can manage at present." And he did.

## MORE HORRIBLENESS.



(1) It was an unco lang, lang dreich discourse o' the Meenister's on judgments and the temporary Precentor. Wully Morrison, McNab's guid brother, cam' out in the middle o't, skipping down the kirk an' twirlin' his bonnet, leaving the Psalmody tae tak' care o' itself. "Some awfu' judgment 'll fa' on ye, my bonnie wee birkie!" yelled the Meenister; but the Precentor sailed serenely oot intae the cauld warld.



(2) "There they are!" hoarsely whispered the Laird. "Knock off the heads o' the Sons o' Belial wi' that muckle stane, McSwine!"



(3) But the muckle stane hurtled over the heads o' the Elder an' the Precentor, an' gied auld Elspeth McWhang—who was jist warnin' them o' what was like tae happen tae them in the hereafter—an' unco wallop an' sent her wafflin' awa' intae space. "Loch me!" said the Elder, "I wunner nae what the pair auld wife's been dacin' tae meet a judgment like that."



The Champion County.



The British cad abroad.



The Considerate Bumble.



McNAB & HER MAJESTY.



The Cannibal Kid.



Four Foolish Fishermen.



The Foresbergs Take.

### OUR WEEKLY WHIRLIGIG.

What ho, my friends and patrons! how find you yourselves by now? Charming change in the weather, isn't it? Whew! what a crowd of you; however you'll all find room I don't know, but you must manage to squeeze in somehow. Well, on we go.—Assisted greatly by the rain, The Surrey team is crack again:—The British Cad abroad goes forth. And soon excite public wrath:—The Chelsea Board would not permit The paupers to the artist sit:—To see the Braemar

games, the Queen, To Castle Mar has lately been:—A cannibal, how very sad, The boy must really have been mad:—These fishermen, the other day, For camping thusly had to pay:—The merry green-wood men you see Indulging in their annual spree.—That's about all I can do for you for the present, I'm afraid. Not a bad little lot, though, considering the absence of news; but there, the Big Gooseberry Season never did affect—THE SLOPERIAN SHOWMAN.

### THE ONLY COURSE.



Old Crusher (sarcastically). I never get wild with a fool. Young Smasher (calmly). That accounts for you always being on good terms with yourself.



"Big battle expected, is there? I've paid two and threepence already for that piece of news, having a penny morning paper and a halfpenny evening one every day for the last three weeks."



### A LIGHT TENOR.

"Well, would you believe it! here have I been waving my handkerchief out of the window for the last ten minutes, thinking it was George serenading me, when all the time it's only a horrid little cat!"

"Really, George, I can't possibly make both ends meet on what you allow me; that is, unless I cut off fish and sweets, and we begin with the entrée and end with the joint."



### TOO REAL.

Bore. The water in your picture is very real. Artist (sick of him). Real? You bet! Why, I have to patch the canvas every night to stop the leaking.

## ALLY-CAMPANE.

LIKE a lot of schoolboys just released for their summer vacation, Members of Parliament are scurrying off to the country as fast as their legs will carry them.



Whether they are most pleased to get rid of London or London is most pleased to get rid of them for a season, is a moot point. Speaking for ourselves, we must candidly admit to being highly delighted at being able to peruse our daily newspaper without having our eyes offended with yards of Parliamentary twaddle.

NONE of the papers have published A. SLOPER'S of downright magnificent cricket average. This is a piece of jealousy, of which we would have thought no self-respecting journal would have been guilty. It's too mean.

THE British end has been coming in for a good deal of abuse from the D. T. and its correspondents. He certainly deserves it, though, no doubt, if all the scorn and ridicule in the world would ever make him one whit ashamed of himself. As the music-hall gentleman warbles, "It's 'Is Natur'!"

WE thought that Iky Moses was a decently average Ananias in his way, but he certainly cannot compete with the merry little Jap or John Chinaman. During the present war both have proved themselves masters at the game. Upon whom to confer the "bun" is a very difficult problem, indeed, to solve.

A CONTEMPORARY devoted to the interests of the fair sex asks: "Is the British Maiden Becoming More Serious?" and goes on to adduce no inconsiderable amount of evidence in the affirmative. "Girls are at last beginning to awake to the fact that their lives may be more usefully spent by working for an honest independence, than in employing all the arts of feminine fascination in order to capture a husband." These are, of course, the "New Women." Thank goodness, there are plenty of the old sort still left.

MUCH to the delight of Southern cricketers, Surrey have succeeded in wresting the Cricket Championship from Yorkshire. Our sympathies, though, are entirely with the latter county, who, although playing with plucky determination, have been the victims of ill-fortune throughout the season. Whilst Surrey has been enabled to bring all their first-class matches to a successful issue, rain has, in all probability, snatched victory from the hands of Yorkshire on two separate occasions. This is hard lines for Yorks with a vengeance.

A FEW days ago a lady of limited means, down at Brighton for a holiday, lost her purse containing about fifteen shillings while listening to the "Sloper Minstrels." As soon as the Ally of the troupe heard of the lady's loss, he appealed to the audience, and collected more than sixteen shillings, which he gave to the loser. This is another instance of the wonderful influence the F.O.M. sheds around on those who impersonate him. Wot cher!

IN response to numerous inquiries we beg to state that the Eminent will probably terminate his seaside tour about the end of this month. There are quite a number of persons who are intensely anxious to have the Eminent back again.

IN spite of the fact that Mr. Charles Wyndham has deserted the metropolis for the time being, we are pleased to see that the Criterion Theatre is in as flourishing a condition at present as it has been in its most palmy days.



*Hot Water* is not a play of exceptional merit, it is not in fact a play at all; it is simply a number of comic situations jumbled together anyhow; but it is deucedly funny for all that, and should carry the management over the dull season with flying colours. C. H. Hawtrey plays the leading character in the farce with great vigour. There is not a dull moment during the time he is on the stage. Edward Righton, William Blakeley and Edith Chester are also engaged in the cast, and it must be admitted that all three artists are delightfully natural in their rendering of their respective characters.

THE following was curiously omitted from the *Court Journal's* account of the recent investiture at Osborne: "Order of the Bath (4d. ticket extra towels, 1d.), BARON SLOPER, F.O.M., K.G., M.P."

## ALLY SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY.

THE deluge of rain to which we have been treated lately, and which drives us helter-skelter here, there and everywhere in search of shelter, has had no detrimental effect, at any rate, upon the receipts of the Empire Theatre of Varieties. The other night when we were present, in spite of the soaking downpour outside, the theatre was as crowded as ever we have seen it in our lives. The Empire management, though, deserves patronage; their entertainment is one of the brightest in the metropolis. Their scenes of Living Pictures are really grand, whilst their two ballets are "Things of beauty and a joy for ever!"

THE Mildewed Mound has this day conferred the "Award of Merit" upon MISS MARIE LEYTON, because she's a delightful serio, "Feyther," chortled he of the Azure Optics, "I'm awfully mashed on Marie—I am, straight. Of all the sweetest singers and dancers I ever gazed upon—" But here the Old Man promptly checked his offspring's amorous outburst with a well-directed kick, and the Cerulean-Orbed fled for his life.

THE Crystal Palace was last week the scene of the Foresters' Fête, in aid of the Distressed Gift Fund. Though the weather was fine, the attendance fell far short of previous years, though we learn that the number of members increases annually. But those who did go made right merry, and the smiling faces of all seemed to betoken a first-rate time. As the music-hall Bard hath it:

"With the R.U.M. and the G.I.N.,  
And a G.A.L. called Alice,  
I was merry and gay all the livelong day,  
At the Foresters' Fête at the Palace."

A *Daily Telegraph* correspondent asks whether there is any intimate association between politics and wine? We can't tell him. All we know is that there undoubtedly is between "Unsweetened" and literature. Look at A. SLOPER!

A WELL-known City firm have carried out a truly excellent idea. They have had the roof of their premises fitted up as a recreation ground for their employees, and with shrubs, flowers, garden seats, tables, games, etc., it forms a most attractive dinner-hour resort. Their example should be imitated, not only by other business houses, but by all householders whose premises do not include a garden. It is a splendid idea for the enterprising builder. Let him forthwith proceed to erect "roof-garden residences," and if he doesn't coin money we'll put him on the free list for life. We can't say fairer.



WE are able to announce, on the best authority, that the Skunk will run for the St. Leger, even if he has to race on one leg. A. SLOPER, who has taken the colt with him to the seaside for the benefit of his health, is personally superintending its training. This fact alone should make the Skunk favourite for the race.

IT is quite untrue that the Duchess of York habitually curls her hair with *Larks*! H.R.H. has far too much respect for the champion h'porth to put it to such a use, even after perusal. "She knows wot's wot, the Princess May!" says Alexandry.

SIGNOR CRISPI is reported to have stumbled over an arm-chair the other day, and, falling heavily upon the ground, to have bruised himself severely. Curious nobody ever takes any notice of it when A. SLOPER falls over the furniture. Perhaps the frequency has robbed the proceedings of interest.

THE Southend murder case is panning out very prettily, is it not? It provides such nice healthy reading for our boys and girls. The "a penny shockers" are reaping a rich harvest out of the police-court proceedings.

THEY don't appear to have much respect for law and order in Nevada, to judge from the accounts which reach us occasionally from that festive district. Only the other day the defendant in a trial which had finally gone against him, seized the judge and publicly horsewhipped him, to be immediately shot when the judge wrenched himself from his assailant. Our own judges are at times subjected to personal abuse by discontented litigants, but it is always a stern official who conducts the offender away; never does his lordship suffer chastisement or feel justified in carrying a fire-arm to repel the attacks of those who quarrel with the law. It is sincerely to be hoped that Nevada manners will not find their way into England, otherwise things in the neighbourhood of the Law Courts would become a bit too lively.



## A CHRONICLE OF CURIOUS EVENTS.

A CALENDAR FOR THE WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 15TH, 1894.

9th September, A.D. 284.—This day Carinus celebrated the Roman games in the colossal Amphitheatre of Titus with extraordinary splendour. The Emperor Probus on one occasion devoted at the circus to the sword and spear, 100 lions, 100 lionesses, 200 leopards and 300 bears.

10th September, 1797.—This day died Mary Wollstonecroft, the authoress of the "Rights of Woman." Betrayed and deserted by her lover, she attempted to drown herself from Old Putney Bridge, but was happily seen and rescued. She subsequently married Godwin, the author. Her daughter, the authoress of "Frankenstein," married the poet, Shelley.

11th September, 1839.—A newspaper of this date, says "On Wednesday morning, a fine young woman, about 25 years of age, threw herself from the top of the Monument in London, and was, of course, killed on the spot. This is the second instance of suicide committed by precipitation from this building. The first instance was that of Mr. Levi, the diamond merchant, in 1810."

12th September, 1835.—Raikes, under this date, quotes this characteristic letter addressed to himself by Beau Brummel: "I hear you meditate a *petit domicile* at Paris for your children. You cannot do better. English education may be all very well to instruct the hemming of handkerchiefs and the ungainly romp of a country dance, but nothing else, and it would be a poor consolation to your declining years to see your daughters come into the room upon their elbows, and to find their accomplishments limited to a broad phraseology in conversation or to thumping the 'Woodpecker' upon the spinet. You will do well, then, to provide in time against natural deficiencies by a good French formation of manners as well as talents, and you will not have to complain hereafter of your gouty limbs being excruciated by the uncouth movements of a hoyden, or your ears being distracted by indigenous vulgarisms."

13th September, 1819.—"Gentleman Smith," the original Charles Surface, died this day. "At the age of eighty, politeness, the same ease and gracefulness of carriage, dignity of manner, and suavity of address were features as conspicuous off as when on the stage. He always wore, when perambulating, a white hat edged with green, blue coat, figured waistcoat, fustian-coloured breeches and gaiters to correspond. Thus appraised he was to be met with, tripping on at a sharp, brisk pace, and twisting his thin, gold-headed cane."

14th September, 1888.—A curious and fatal accident happened this day, at Marseilles. Thirty ostriches which had arrived from Algeria were being placed in the train for Paris, where they were to be exhibited in the *Jardin d'Acclimatation*, when a man endeavoured to pluck some feathers out of one of the "birds of the desert." He immediately received a kick from the ostrich which killed him on the spot.

15th September, 1834.—A newspaper of this date states that "a man in the canton of Aspes (Haute-Garonne) sent his daughter to the mountain, Charouette, to fetch home a mare out at grass. An hour later, he and two lads went in search of her, but were attacked by a large wolf, which bit one lad on the hip and the other on the back before they could kill it. The body of the daughter was found in a dreadful state on the top of the mountain. A part of the head was devoured, and the legs and arms nearly eaten up. In the body of the dead wolf were found a part of the skull to which some hair was still attached, together with the thumb and other parts of the victim."

## MY LANDLADY.

My landlady old  
Is a shrew and a scold,  
She's a vixen, virago, and tartar,  
And, all the day long,  
To her expletives strong  
And her termagant speech I'm a martyr.  
And, if e'er it occurs  
That a saucer of hers  
Or a cup I demolish, 'twould stun  
You to hear with what zeal  
She howls loudly that she'll  
Make me pay for the damage I've done!  
My landlady old  
From its pedestal rolled  
My rare statue of Venus last night;  
For it grieves me to say  
That my landlady gay  
With a few female friends had got tight,  
So my statue is broke,  
Which is hardly a joke,  
For its value was fifty-five p'un';  
But she'd strike me stone dead  
If I modestly said  
She should pay for the damage she's done!

## A PROMISING OUTLOOK.

THE five small boys who represented the juvenile population of Mugginswallow had been summoned by young Bobby Brown, and they stood gathered by the signpost at the Cross-roads.

"Men of Mugginswallow," began Robert, "this day is big wiv' fate. (Cheers). Last night my mother 'ad a baby. It don't, at first glance, appear to be a very important affair, but it is. And I'll perceive to tell yer why. It's a big, fat-headed baby, an' when it's growed strong enuff on its legs to run about wivout toppin' 'ead over 'eels I shall initiate it as a life member of our cricket club—the Mugginswallow Uniteds! (Loud cheers). I am proud to tell you that it already boasts of five members—this here kid, when it grows up, 'll make six—later on, p'raps, somebody else 'll have some more babies, and in the no very distant future we shall have an eleven. (Uproarious cheering.) Gentlemen, who shall say that that eleven will not play sich a game o' cricket that 'll make the Australians, an' the Marylebone, and some o' the best o' 'em sit up! I now propose, in honour of the event, to treat the members of the club to sherbet and water all round, for which purpose the meetin' will adjourn to Mrs. Tucktummy's." (Loud and prolonged cheering, amidst which the meeting adjourned to the village sweetstuff shop.)

## SLOPERIAN PHILOSOPHY.

A NOTED philosopher—now, alas! beneath the daisies—being once asked by what method he had acquired so much knowledge, replied, "By not being prevented by shame from asking questions when I was ignorant." According to this a five-year-old boy, travelling by train with his father, ought to acquire enough knowledge in a fifteen-mile journey to split his head open.

Never eat soup that has a dead fly in it. Soup which will murder a fly cannot be safe or wholesome.

Every Wednesday Twopence.

JUDY.

Best Artists. Best Authors.

EDITED BY GILBERT DALZIEL.

99 SHOE LANE, FLEET STREET, LONDON, E.C.

TO THE SLEEPLESS.

THE EDITOR'S LETTER-BOX.

THE FAMILY GHOST.



INSOMNIA, oh, thou dreaded fiend! Torturing victims night by night. Would that I were from thy power screened, But, alas! against thee I vainly fight. Every remedy have I tried, Still I a sleepless vigil keep, All through the night have I vainly cried, "Oh, for something to make me sleep!"

Ah! what's this phrase That meets my gaze?— "Novels are good for inducing sleep!"

What ho! without there! Fetch forthwith A batch of novels—the newest kind— I'll test if the tip be truth or myth— Now for the slumber for which I've pined! What's this! A "New Psychology" tale?— I'll start on that, 'twill perhaps be "deep."

Ah! see he dozes! It does not fail— The novel has made him serenely sleep! So let folks averse To "Nature's Nurse," Buy batches of novels to make you sleep.

A PROTEST.

THE editor of the *Weekly Chestnut* reclined easily in his chair, casting a complacent eye over the current number, when a knock sounded at the door of his sanctum, and in response to the invitation to enter, a harassed-looking, middle-aged man walked into the apartment and closed the door carefully after him. The editor cast an angered glance upon his visitor.

"Really, Snipson," he exclaimed, indignantly, "I hardly expected this of you, I must say. I really cannot be worried about your account just now; it's not right of you to intrude in business hours."

The harassed-looking man was fumbling among some papers in his breast pocket. "You don't mean to say you're going to writ me!" exclaimed the editor, meekly.

The tailor smiled slightly. "Oh, no, sir," he answered, "at least, not at present," he added quickly; "but I have called to—"

"Yes, yes, I know; I got your last statement all right. I shall let you have a little on account soon." "I'm very glad to hear it, sir," was the grave response; "but it's not exactly on the matter of the bill I came up."

The editor looked relieved. "Indeed, Snipson," he said; "then to what do I owe the honour of your visit? You haven't turned author, have you?" he added. "Not me, sir!" said the tailor; "I ain't quite come down to that yet. The fact is, sir, I've called to remonstrate against the policy of your paper."

"Indeed!" "Yes, sir. I'm a fairly patient man, as a rule—I've got to be in my business—but there's some things I can't stand, and this is one of them. Now, just look at this, please," he continued, pointing indignantly to a paragraph in the current number of the *Chestnut*, "this is what I object to. This makes exactly twenty-four times this year you have printed jokes about gentlemen not paying their tailors' bills. Now, sir, I ask you, is it right? Not content with owing me £14 19s. 11d. for more than two years, you actually go and teach a similar doctrine to others, and hold up the tailor to public ridicule. It's adding insult to injury, sir, that's what it is, and all I can say is, if you can't find a little fresher joke I shall want £5 on account by Saturday and the balance in a month, or into the County Court I take it! Good morning, sir." And bowing the door indignantly after him, the injured tradesman strode away, and left the editor to think out the situation.

GIRLS OF THE "FRIV."

RUTH RUTHERFORD.

THE jovial season now is here When prince and peasant, dude and peer, From London town are wont to "clear."

With brightly beaming faces, And pass the gliding hours away In frisky freaks, philanderings gay, Where Neptune's wanton wavelets play At summery seaside places.

But, in the present year of grace, There rises from the populace Of every English watering-place

A sound of plaintive cavilling, The seaside dwellers wail and whine, For few of London's dukes so fine Are to the regions of the brine

This year from London travelling, Those sea-side dwellers well may fret And snarl and swear with sour regret, Because the season's to their net

No London rhino bringing, For this, forsooth, is gospel truth— That few of London's gilded youth Will London leave, while lovely Ruth Is on the "Friv." boards singing!

HORRIBLE! HORRIBLE!!

Clinker (airily). Judging by the state of the atmosphere, we shall have rain.

Winker (umbrellaless, pointing to his seedy "tile"). If that be so, this hat mus' fear the consequences!

HOTEL BIRON, ROCHEFORT, BELGIUM, August 20th, 1894. DEAR SIR,—I wish to thank you very much for the kind notices of myself in your journal, and also for sending me the framed diploma duly received at the Lyceum Theatre. I beg to assure you it will be treasured, and your kindness is very much appreciated. Most faithfully and fraternally yours, JOSEPH HURST, F.O.S.

140 LEWISHAM HIGH ROAD, NEW CROSS, LONDON, S.E. August 21st, 1894.

SIR,—I wish to thank you very kindly for the "Award of Merit" you presented me with. I am sorry I could not acknowledge it before, as I saw it on Saturday last for the first time. It was sent to Lord's Cricket Ground, and got mislaid, and only found again last Friday. Once more thanking you very kindly, yours truly, FRANK HEARNE.

SLOPER'S VAGARIES.

No. 264.—HE FAILS TO DISCRIMINATE BETWEEN THE INDIVIDUAL AND THE "RAG."

THE passengers roared, "Man overboard!" But the cry was raised in vain, For the Eminent's body was heavy with toddy, And it sank in the briny main. And fish that were tiny, and fish that were vast, With fins or in shells, by the Wreck were passed, Till (in less than the time which it takes to tell) He was nearing the home where the mermaids dwell.

Far under the deep where the sea-worms creep Is the place where the mermaids live: 'Tis a palace so fine that no language of mine A description thereof could give. And, as SLOPER sank down through the brine profound, The guard at its gate did a trumpet sound, And a shout through the ears of the Fossil went thrumming, A merry mad chorus of "SLOPER is coming!"

Laugh long and laugh wide, did the Wreck in his pride, And he murmured, "It fills me with glee To forsake earthly strife and enjoy a new life. With the mermaids down under the sea!" And he said to the mermaid housemaid, "My dear, Tell the mermaids fair that their SLOPER is here!"

The mermaids thumped him, the mermaids bumped him, Till ALLY sobbed, more than half-dead, "Wherefore spake ye with glee of the coming of me?" And the Queen of the Mermaids said: "'Twas our herald's approach we so loudly did cheer, For he brings us A. SLOPER'S HALF-HOLIDAY here! As for thee, we abhor thee, thou thrice-ugly eft!" And they hurled him right back to the deck he had left!

TROUBLE IN THE FOLD.

It was only a penny toy spider, vended by a haggard hawker on the asphalt of Cheapside, but young Master Billy Wotherpoon saw his way to get a sovereign's worth of fun out of it. His sere and somewhat sad-faced parent was the leader of a little sect that gathered at the Do Good Brethren's parlour to seek the consolations of religion ungrammatically expounded. In the front seats worthy Brother Wotherpoon was invariably to be found, directly in front of the preacher, and nearly always asleep after the first quarter of an hour of the discourse. And it was on a fateful Thursday afternoon—Thursday was a great night at the parlour—that Master Billy climbed into the loft and bored a small hole in the wooden ceiling just over the position usually occupied by "our dear friend, the shepherd." That evening, when the discourse was well under way and the elder Wotherpoon was dozing the doze of the just in a front seat, with his head thrown back, a huge tin spider, with glassy eyes and trembling legs, came slowly down a silken string. It dallied for a short moment over the bald head of the preacher, who, feeling something tickling him, slapped it lightly. For an instant the spider rose about a foot, but then it was back again dancing a cellar-flap with great vigour. It was then that the shepherd bestowed a resounding smack that fairly made his head ring. He looked upward and beheld the Brobdignagian insect jiggling, as it were, on the end of its web. With a muttered "take that," he aimed a deadly blow at it with a fat hymn-book. The spider leaped much higher, and just then, his fingers slipping, zip went the book, flying, and struck Brother Wotherpoon heavily over the region of the brain-pan. Thus rudely awakened, the worthy Wotherpoon leaped to his feet with an astonished snort.

"By gip!" he cried, "I wouldn't stand that from any man!" and in another minute he was rushing up the steps to the pulpit. Shaking with indignation, he gripped the shepherd by the ears, and at it they went like mad cats. The pulpit door swung open, and one over the other they rolled down the steps, whilst the other members of the brotherhood rolled up their eyes in horror. Finally, when they had been separated, and the still wrathful Wotherpoon was being huddled into the street, he expostulated: "I don't care. I shall send round for my books and my hassock and leave the body. When a man well nigh gets his head stove in just for dozing off during the sermon, he gets the needle to rights. Farewell."

And wiping the gore from his nose on a handful of grass, he strode angrily away.

ALPHA AND OMEGA.

THE blithe-hearted stripling, His features all rippling, With laughter, may sit in the drinking saloon, And imbibe with much pleasure Full many a full measure Of whisky or wine with companions boon. For the Alpha of drinking Is sweet to one's thinking, But the bitter, fair youth, to the sweet will succumb; And, ere starting to drink, you Had better bethink you To what an Omega that Alpha may lead!

The stripling, blithe-hearted Perchance may have started To "plank" upon horses a shilling or so: And he deems not his act is An ill-advised practice That oft finds its climax in want and in woe. So 'twere wisdom, fair youth, To remember, forsooth, (Though a world of delight you may possibly read In the Alpha of betting,) To what a regretting, Remorseful Omega that Alpha may lead!

HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS.

AN Un-see-worthy Vessel: A "vessel" of the Church who fails to obtain a bishopric.

EVEN insects are not free from the curse of intemperance. It is an undisputed fact that fleas are subject to "the jumps." THE Battle of Inker-man: The ink-slinger's struggle for a living. WHY are the readers of "SLOPER'S HALF-UN" affluent people? Because they've a weekly income of "Hundreds and Thousands."

CHAPTER II.

It was not entirely the absence of lamb and mint sauce from the menu which made Captain Ratsbane unhappy. The Captain loved



Called up reminiscences.

The human mind is never entirely dead to the thought of by-gone days, and it is marvellous what a trifle will lead one's thought to matters of the past.

The thought of lamb had brought to his mind the beauties of England, and the sunny lanes and hedgerows of Devonshire. Mint called up reminiscences of the pretty cottage in which he had been born, and he longed once more to see the scenes of his youth, and once more to enjoy those comforts of respectability which are not to be obtained on board a pirate vessel.

For Captain Ratsbane had not always been a pirate. Once, like most other people, he had been a baby—an innocent baby; then he had grown to be a big lob-lolly boy, with an unheroic nose that was always more or less in need of a pocket-handkerchief. There were no pirate stories in his early days that might guide him to become a pirate. He merely happened into the situation by becoming a cabin boy, a man before the mast, a man behind the



A big lob-lolly boy.

mast, a second officer. Then he stabbed the captain in course of a row, and in due course was elected captain by right of conquest. He had been very successful since, and the crew were satisfied with their choice. Twenty-five ships had been scuttled, and fully two hundred people had taken a journey into the hereafter by means of a brief walk on a plank. A great store of valuables had been hid on various islands, and the absence of lamb and mint sauce turned Captain Ratsbane's thoughts to the fact that it was now almost time when he might enter on the enjoyment of these valuables on land, and retire from the anxieties and responsibilities which an industrious sea life entailed.

But Captain Ratsbane had no idea of retiring to land without first providing handsomely for the crew of the *Swan*. These gentlemen had of course a right to a share of the valuables which had accrued to the general fund since their enterprise began, as well as to a share of the goods which had accumulated while the previous captain was in office. And as Captain Ratsbane cogitated over his proposed retirement and his consequent reformation, it struck him that it was his duty to see also that his men did not continue in the unhappy ways which the exigencies and temptations of a pirate life led them. He reasoned that with the money due to them and the unaccustomed freedom from the discipline which was imposed on board ship these men might continue their wickedness—nay, they might even spend their money in foolish ways. And with their money all gone—what might they not do? One thing they would very probably do would be to hunt up their former captain and borrow money off him. He might refuse that money, of course; but could he refuse the money? Would they not insist that he must impart cash to them, or they would knock his respectability as high as a kite? He felt that frequent calls from such a band of cut-throat looking scoundrels as his crew were would destroy such credit as he might acquire in a district, and he decided that he must run no risks. He would take care of their money for them, and he would provide for them in such a way that all temptation to wickedness would be removed from them. A pirate of less thoughtful and kindly mood might have deserted these men and have left them to their own resources; but Captain Ratsbane was not a pirate of that sort. He would provide for his old comrades.



Stabbed the captain.

When Captain Ratsbane had settled this in his mind definitely, he felt almost grateful for the absence of lamb and mint sauce, which had aroused such a train of thought.

(To be continued next week.)

## THE "F.O.S." PORTRAIT GALLERY.



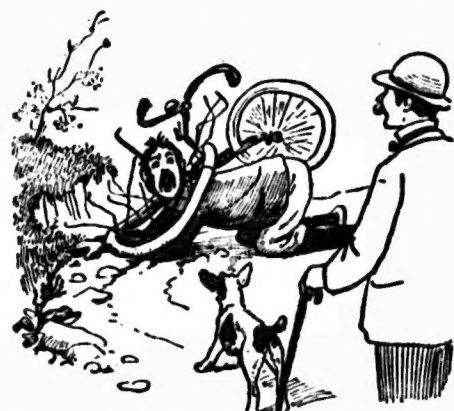
No. 376.—PRIVATE RENNIE, F.O.S.

"Inasmuch as he has taken both the cake and the Queen's Prize at Bisley this year, besides receiving the 'Sloper Award of Merit,' Private Rennie will long have cause to remember the year 1894; in fact, he has repeatedly informed us on postcards that he never felt happier than he does at present, since he indulged in his first threepennyworth of Scotch. Although up to the present but a short one, young Rennie has nevertheless had an exceedingly successful career, and he has won both laurels for himself and honour for his country. Wherever Scotch whisky is popular there is the genial volunteer's name toasted with enthusiasm. We have no hesitation in affirming that every Scotchman in the world is proud of his country's young champion. Principally because he won the Queen's Prize at Bisley our gallant hero was created F.O.S., and the 'Sloper Award of Merit' presented to him August 4th, 1894."

—Debrett Improved.



"Say, Bob, why don't you have a frieze round the room?"  
"Frieze! Do you think I'm a bloomin' ice cream merchant?"



"Excuse me, sir, but I think that's what the French would call  
*fin de cycle*."



*Bozins.* Ain't it astonishing the number of advertising samples you get sent in when you put a "birth" in the papers—fostin' bottles and sich like. The "whisky" and "cigar" people don't send you no samples, though, I observe.

## JACK AS GOOD AS HIS MASTER.



*Nervous Individual.* Do you—er—think that a sail with you—er—would upset me, Boatman?  
*Boatman.* Dumm, guv'nor; but I know that a sail with *you* would upset me.



"Shave you, sir? Well, yes, I think I could; that is to say, if the razor don't break over the job."



"Ah, happy years! Once more, who would not be a boy?"—BYRON.

## AN AFFAIR OF HONOUR IN RUSSIA.



(1) Lieutenants Volki and Nastikoff were as good pals as any in the army of the Czar. But it chanced one day, that when the former was telling the latter a good story, — (2) He absentmindedly popped the lighted end of his cigar into his mouth. 'Twas thoughtless, no doubt, of Nastikoff to yell with laughter in that way, but no unkindness was meant, and, doubtless, matters might have ended here. — (3) Had not Field-Marshal Tchuckitupski and General Hookitoff happened to observe the incident. — (4) As things were rather dull just then they constituted themselves a Court of

Honour, and decided that Volki had been grossly insulted, and must challenge his friend at once to mortal combat or quit the army. — (5) And the Court of Honour proceeded to the field of combat to see the fun. The shooting of the duelists, however, turned out to be of such a wildly inferior order that Tchuckitupski and Hookitoff were fairly riddled with projectiles, whilst, strangely enough, neither of the combatants received a scratch. The question now occupying the minds of the Court of Honour is "whether it was a put up thing or not?"

## TAKING HIM DOWN.



*Dreadful-bore (old friend of family).* Dear me, Nellie, how you've grown! I can scarcely believe you're the little girl that used to cry for me to carry her!  
*Nellie.* Nor can I.

## GIRLS SLOPER'S KISSED.



Flo.

## FROM THE POETS.



"Where ignorance is bliss."